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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED TO TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAIL AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

While we cannot avoid partisan misrepresentation our position upon the question of revenue reform should be so plainly stated as to admit of no misunderstanding.

We have entered upon no crusade of free trade.

Our people ask relief from the undue and unnecessary burden of tariff taxation now resting upon them. They are offered free tobacco and free whisky. They ask for bread and they are given a stone.

Let us urge the people's interest and public duty for the vindication of our attempt to inaugurate a righteous and beneficent reform.

Given
Cleve

Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation.

Letter of Acceptan

THROWING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann,
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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 19th, 1888. - No. 602.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IF ANY ONE wishes to see what is the difference between a man who has something to say for himself, out of his own head, and a man who has nothing to offer but second-hand statements, let him study the two letters of acceptance which now belong to the literature of this campaign—and let him note the circumstances of their production. It is, indeed, the duty of every citizen to make this comparison—a fact which is not as generally known as it should be. Even so respectable and conscientious a paper as the Philadelphia *Ledger* says of letters of acceptance in general “they are no more than opinions. * * * * They have no binding force.” Binding force they certainly have not, in the present condition of our politics; yet they should have binding force, if the men who write them are faithful and honorable. And as expressions of opinion they are of the highest value. The opinions of which the *Ledger* speaks thus slightlying are the opinions of the men from among whom the nation must choose its leader for a term of four years. They are of real importance if they show the characters of the men who wrote them—if we can tell by reading one of them whether its writer was a man of mind or a man of mush.

We do not think it is difficult to decide which of these two letters shows the mind, and which shows the mush. Who wrote Mr. Cleveland’s letter? The same man who called the attention of Congress to the need of a revision of the tariff, and who now re-affirms what he then affirmed, and in clear and calm language brings argument and proof to his support. For weeks his opponents have been prophesying that he would “dodge” or “puzzle” or evade the tariff issue, when he came to address the public. But when the paper which had oftenest made this prophecy printed his letter, it was under the descriptive head-line: “THE TARIFF TREATED TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALMOST EVERY OTHER ISSUE.” The tariff issue was neither “dodged” nor “puzzled” nor evaded. It was met fairly and squarely, on exactly the lines laid down in the President’s message to Congress. In fact, Mr. Cleveland wrote his own message. Any man who can read can learn from that straightforward document just what Grover Cleveland believes to be best for the country, and what reasons he has for the faith that is in him. Can we say as much of Mr. Harrison’s letter?

No, frankly, we can not, nor can any honest Republican. That letter, from end to end—with one remarkable exception—is a mere repetition or amplification of the platform laid down by his party at Chicago. There is not—saving this one exception—a line of Harrison in it. So far as any declaration of opinion goes, it might have been written by any Smith, Jones or Brown who was willing to “say ditto” to the Chicago platform. Is this the work of a presidential candidate? Is it possible that a man who seeks the highest office in the land can find nothing of his own to say upon the vital topics of the day? Are his opinions, his aims, his hopes, his ideas of policy and principle, only those which the managers of his party have selected as fit and proper? If so, why is he a leader? In what does his leadership consist? This is the attitude of a follower, not a leader.

But if we grant this strange political product—this ready-made leader who follows so well—at least we may expect that he should be ready to explain and sustain the doctrines he has so thoroughly digested. We may look to him to make clear what the utterances of the party leave doubtful and questionable. And how does Mr. Harrison meet our expectations? He makes his statement of his opponent’s position, and then says: “I do not stop to refute this theory as to the effect of our tariff duties.” But why does he not stop? Who is urging him to go on? If he can refute the obnoxious theory, why does he not refute it? He has all the pens and ink and paper that he wants. He has had plenty of time, and he might have taken more. Here was his chance to make his reputation and convince the country. That piece of work is all that is necessary to insure the triumph of his party. If his opponents are wrong, let their error be exposed, and they must be driven from the field. But Mr. Harrison does not stop, and he must not blame his fellow-citizens if they assume that he has said all that he had to say, and that what he leaves unsaid is left unsaid owing to circumstances over which he has no control.

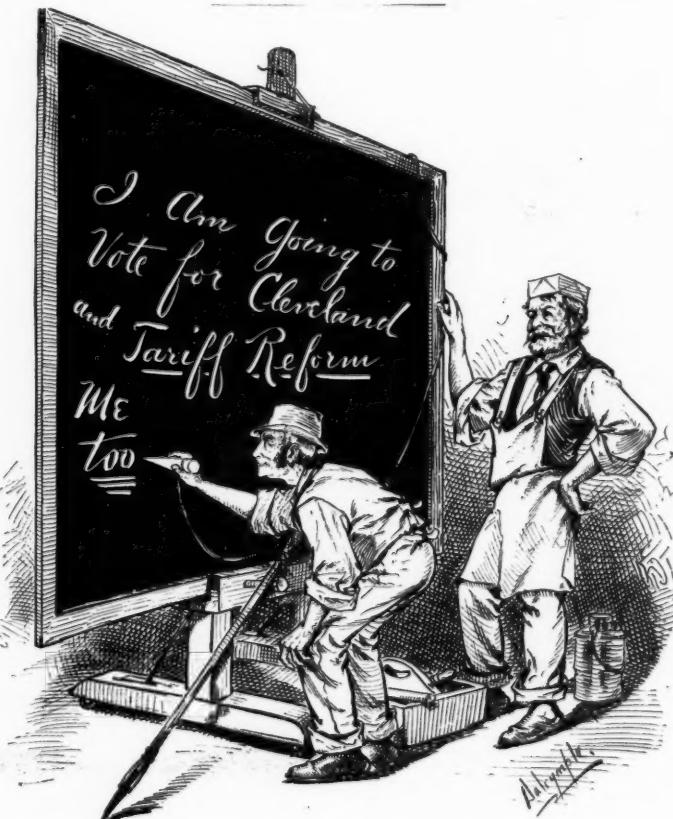
We have called attention to the fact that once in the course of his letter Mr. Harrison leaves the safe guidance of the platform’s lines, and takes a little flight into political economy all by himself. We say all by himself, for we can not believe that any of his party managers were around when he took it. If they had suspected his intention, they would probably have tethered him to the ground with a chain-cable. This is the flight:

“The surplus now in the Treasury should be used in the purchase of bonds.”

Here is a doctrine to preach to the sixty-odd millions of people in this country who are not bond-holders. Buy United States bonds, says Mr. Harrison, and stop the interest on the public debt. But what bondholder outside of a lunatic asylum is going to sell his bonds if he does not get the interest or an equivalent for it? If the government wants to buy up its own promissory notes, it must pay a premium on them that will satisfy the holders. Who would give up a remunerative investment, the safest in the world, unless he were fully recompensed? The government must then set a premium on the bonds, sufficient to tempt the holders—in fact, must pay back the money it originally borrowed, and as much more, too, as the lender demands. This is wholesome finance! It substitutes usury for interest, and pays creditors money to which they have no right whatever.

Mr. Harrison’s theory must strike the man who works for his living, and who owns no government bonds, as offering a very peculiar sort of relief to the people. The laborer is to be taxed for more than the government needs—taxed on his clothes, his food, his fuel, his tools and his house, and the excess thus collected is to be paid to bond-holders to induce them to sell their bonds. This is “protecting” the American laborer—paying the bond-holder more than any body in the market would give him—and taxing the rest of the people to accomplish the feat. A long course of this sort of protection would protect four-fifths of our citizens into the poor-house and make millionaires of the other fifth.

The fact is, no man would put forth such a preposterous suggestion as this who did not feel desperately conscious that he was in an indefensible position. It is so unreasonable, so unjust, so silly, at this juncture of our politics, that we wonder how any man can seriously make himself responsible for its utterance. It is as if a man who had bored a hole in one end of a ship’s bottom should try to set things right by boring another hole in the other end. The evils of extravagant and unnecessary governmental expenditures. To take unjust taxes from all the people and then to pay them back to a favored few is so mad a project that we can not conceive of its acceptance by any rational mind. And yet this is the project which Mr. Harrison proposes. And this is all that he has to say for himself.



PUCK’S PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN “PROTECTION.” 5.

BALLADS OF THE TOWN

VII.

BUILDING



I SIT IN an architect's office, away
 At the top of a Broadway building;
 A-drawing my plans the livelong day
 Of rooms all over gilding,
 Of frescoed corridors broad and high,
 And fronts so proud that they touch the sky —
 And all day long my heart sings a song
 That ends in a sigh:
 Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,
 With a white gravel walk going down
 To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait
 When her lover comes back from town!

My love she is sitting beside the sea,
 With suitors a many about her;
 All day and all night she thinks of me —
 Nor day nor night I doubt her.
 For she will come back when over the sky
 The scurrying clouds of winter fly —
 And her eyes of blue will say "I'm true!"
 And then I shall sigh:
 Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,
 With a white gravel walk going down
 To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait
 When her lover comes back from town!



My mansions I draw for the rich and the great;

While I fancy a humbler dwelling —

I think of the years and years to wait,

And my weary heart is swelling.

We never shall wed till she and I

Are content to let the town go by —

And I am content, and she's town-bent.

It ends in a sigh:

Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,

With a white gravel walk going down

To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait

When her lover comes home from town!



H. C. Bunner.



A LINGUISTIC TRAGEDY;
OR,
WHY AGAMEMNON FORGOT HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE.

WHEN AGAMEMNON JONES called one evening upon his beloved Clytemnestra Smith, he was startled to a pallid-huiness by hearing her exclaim:

"By Jeementhy Crickets! yer wuz skeered. Ef yer's got any thing to say, spit it aout. My certes! here's a pretty clamjamfrey! He gied me a caird, but I maun left it below. The pair shambly, slaunchy windelshae o' a creature. An' he ass me iss I want to wuck fo'—"

AGAMEMNON (*wildly*).—Great heavens, Clytemnestra! what is the matter with you? Your iced tea was tampered with! Your cream soda—Oh, my darling, if you *can't* talk United States, make signs!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*contemptuously*).—Agamemnon, you don't keep up with the spirit of the age. I was merely quoting from the current literature of the day.

AGAMEMNON (*pathetically*).—Browning?

CLYTEMNESTRA.—No, you ignorant Agamemnon, that is not Browning. I was just quoting from magazines, those educators of the age. And if you want to keep pace with me, Agamemnon, you will have to learn to converse in that style, or you will get most "bodaciously" left. Study the *Century*, *Harper's*, any of the best magazines, and you will soon catch on.

AGAMEMNON (*very meekly*).—I shall obey you.

And he did. And in less than a week he was entirely unable to converse intelligibly in his native language, and is now earning fifty dollars a day writing magazine stories. *M. A. Westcott.*

WHEN THE leaves begin to take on a golden tint, and there is a bracing chill in the air that makes a log fire enjoyable, it is the signal for the mountain hotel-keeper to walk around in his shirt sleeves and straw hat, and talk about the awful hot weather that must be raging in the city.

THE RUSTICATOR who is ambitious to climb to the top of Mount Marcy, is the man who, when in the city, will wait five minutes for an elevator to take him up three flights of stairs.

THE TAWNY berries glisten
Upon the mountain ash,
While in the dancing sunlight
The mountain brooklets flash;
The cool September zephyrs
Are rippling through the trees,
While, "Here you are—roast chestnuts!"
Supplants "Hey! Jack-rozees!"



"Boulanger March."

THE WAGNERIAN ENTHUSIAST AND THE ACCORDION FIEND.



"White Wings."



"Call Me Back Again."



"Peek — a — Boo."



"The Letter that Never Came."

PUCK.

MY OWN WILL COME TO ME.

I POST MY manuscripts, and wait
Two weeks at least, until I see,
In spite of hope, what is my fate—
That still my own come back to me.

I never haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
A question but of weeks or days,
Until my own shall greet my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
I seek it not, 't is seeking me.
I know it will not go astray—
Alas! such is my destiny.

It strikes me, while I sit alone,
Of how I'll wither through the years,
While patiently I wait my own,
That, true as daylight, still appears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The postman cometh, and I see
That neither power from low or high
Will keep my own away from me.

Lucista.

SINCE OIL has come into general use to calm the ocean waves, the cruise of oil has had a greater run than even in ancient times.

SOME MEN are so stingy that they will hang on to a quarter till the eagle's tail feathers are pulled out. It is believed that the Elevated Railroad's rule against accepting mutilated coin was caused by the discovery of some of this silver in the cash-box.

THERE IS no longer any gold in the streets of New York. It has all been picked up by the men who bought the land by the acre and sold it by the lot.

THE PULLMAN porter is n't much of a pugilist; but he can put a whole car-load of men "to sleep," and then look 'round smiling for something more to "polish off."

SHAKSPERE MAY have been a great poet, but he had n't the dramatic genius to make a play out of three ducks and a big tank of water, as is done in these days.

WHEN POVERTY is abolished, what a hard time every one will have doing all his own work!

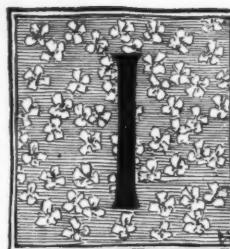
THIS IS THE time when the sister of the funny paragraphist wishes to goodness the elections were over, so that the comic weeklies might once more be readable.

[N. B.—This is no joke.—*F. P.'s Sister.*]



"Sw — i Vi — ts."

TWO VIEWS.



IT IS ALWAYS a pleasant thing to start away for the summer, and it is always a pleasant thing to return. As much as you yearn for the green mountains or the blue sea, while packed away in your Jersey domicile fighting mosquitos, yet are you glad to leave these undulating plains of land and water to return.

When you are in your own home, your soul wanders away to the picturesque mountain river that is too small for mention on a map; and you see the silver birches shimmer in its rippling depths, and hear the crystalline tinkle of its voice as it dances over the pebbles. But when you are beside this poetical body of water, if it is large enough to be considered as a body, your soul wanders back, through valleys of pine, to the spot you call home, and you become unconscious of all the radiant beauty about you, as you wonder how the moths are getting along in your new portières.

You may dream a great deal about the silver-plated cascade of the Minnekehe, as you wobble about in your old arm-chair at home; but just as soon as you stand beside that cascade and see it sprinkling crystals through its own iris, you begin to wonder if the roof has sprung a leak, and whether or not the furniture is floating around in the parlor.

You may think your own humble photograph of some masterpiece a cheap art decoration, when you are at home; but wait until you stand before a hotel canvas — one of those twilight seascapes that might be termed a beefsteak marine, with clouds like varicose veins. It is the kind of picture that should always be screened with mosquito netting; not so much to keep the mosquitos from touching it, as to prevent people from seeing it. The grain of the canvas generally shows through it, so that a dry-goods man can tell whether or not there is any cotton in it.

Lying at home upon your sofa, you think of the exhilarating exercise of climbing some mountain; and, when you are climbing this same mountain, and panting so hard that your throat becomes raw, you reflect on the beauties of that mean, ramshackle old hair-covered sofa at home. It was new when our grandmothers went to Saratoga in sailing vessels to capture our grandfathers; and its seat and back are sadly torn and threadbare; and the springs reach up through its epidermis like so many alligators, and bite pieces from your garments; and it is so slippery that only a professional wrestler could stay on it for five minutes.

Yet, as you go plunging up that mountain as though your heart would break, you think that old sofa is softer than eider-down, and as gently springing as sponge cake. It is a hammock on four legs; and you conclude that if there really is any pleasure in mountain climbing, it is that subtle sense of the pleasure that thrills one's soul, when contemplating the ascent on the sofa's heaving breast — called a heaving breast because it generally heaves you on the floor.

Many people argue that one of the chief delights of leaving one's home in Summer is that which arises from the absence of the cares and responsibilities of house-keeping. These people think there is more comfort in one room than in a whole house. It is a room with a brown carpet, a yellow set of furniture, and a malachite green cake of soap that will outwear both the carpet and the furniture. It is a room wherein you have to keep your trunk packed, because your clothing would not fit in it if it got out where it could stretch itself. The room is so small that you have to sit on your trunk, and write on the bureau, and stand on the bed to dress, if you can do so without wearing off your hair on the ceiling. Yet some people prefer this box to a house, where you have a whole room to wash in, another to dress in, and an entire hallway to don your hat in.

The old piano, commonly called a tin pan, is a monster to escape from when you leave home; but it is not worse than the hotel orchestra that toots for its board. It is not so bad, because it is better, if you will permit an observation worthy of Aristophanes. It is better than the orchestra, because it is of some use; it can be turned into a refrigerator. Come to think of it, the orchestra would be most enjoyable turned into a refrigerator — awaiting the obsequies.

The difference between a hotel and a home welcome are marked. The hotel man grabs you as though you were his long lost son, capers upstairs with your valise, brushes the dust off you from your shoes to your straw hat, and then tries to make a bargain with you that will enable him to retire after the season, if it is possible for him to get enough.

But when you come home, how different. Every one is there to meet you; and they pile right on you in a heap, as though you were a foot-ball; and when you manage to extricate yourself, the dog escapes from the



DRAWING IT FINE.

ANGY TUPPER.—I say, Hopenfeldt, just draw me a glass of beer!



HOPENFELDT.—Dot's de onley kindt oof beir vot I draws for you dill dot schlade you vipe off!

nursery, and comes downstairs without touching a step, just as though descending a hatchway, and hits you on the fly, and walks up your chest, and tries to hang around your neck, in his wild, uncontrollable joy; and then he capers about in mad circles, covering you with dust, and upsetting things generally, just as the cat arches herself like a croquet hoop, and rubs half her hair off on your legs.

R. K. M.

ENNUI.

Ennui 's the disease of that class of our neighbors

With whom money and leisure and plenty are rife;

Who complain, while they live upon other folks's labors,

They 've had naught to complain of, the whole of their life.

E. L. C.



JIMMY'S SCHEME.

SMALL BRIGAND (*suddenly appearing in the darkness*). —Sh-h-h! Don't yer move a inch, or I turn de lantern on yer! Fifty cents, please, for de Boys' Seaside Protective Association!

MALARIA is a malady that a doctor says you have got when he does n't know what 's the matter with you.

MR. SMALLEY has cabled over that there is n't a soul left in London. Now is a good time to go over and help yourself.

The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes,

by

LEE BILGE, Esq., Formerly his Boatswain.

CHAPTER X.*

AGAIN THE roseate smile of Fortune beamed upon me and brightened with clear effulgence the darkness of a fugitive's lonely existence.

Although my profession was new and strange, it was clear to me that it might be made profitable, and as I ate a good dinner, which was the first I had touched in many days, I set myself to reflecting upon my future, but with sensations wholly different from those with which I had contemplated the subject but a day or two before.

"I shall make," I reflected, "a good fortune-teller, or Seer, if I can but prophesy on all occasions as correctly as on this first. But I can not again look for such a stroke of luck, for all lottery-tickets are not numbered 555, nor are all peasants so intelligent as to comprehend the significance of a gesture so common as that I chose to dismiss my visitor. How, then, shall I keep up my credit and continue in the business?"

While I was thus considering, my friendly peasant



"Move, and you die!" he said.

put to some confusion by his coming, and made feint to greet him with an angry countenance, and to behave as if I would dismiss him and continue my meditations. But he would not go, and I was in great perplexity, when it chanced that I observed, for it was late in the day, the half, or crescent, moon in the sky, which I pointed to him, making signs that when it was full, he should come again to me. On this he bowed, and, after leaving a rich present of food and wine, withdrew.

Upon his departure I fell again to reflecting, and soon saw clearly a way in which I might make terms with the lottery-folk, with great advantage to both of us; but yet I could see no chance of putting my scheme into practice, for want of knowledge of the beggarly language of the Portuguese, which was to my ears but a mere sputtering and chewing, of which I could only make out a few words, here and there.

"Unhappy mortal!" I cried: "Wealth stands within thy very grasp only to mock thee! Why was thy father a Scotchman, when he might as readily, had he cared for thy fortune, have been a Portuguese? Was this the vaunted far-sightedness of the Scottish race?"

As I so bemoaned myself, I looked up, and saw a villainous-looking fellow standing before me and aiming a huge blunderbuss at my head. I gazed at him in alarm, and he addressed me in good English, yet with a foreigner's mode of speaking.

"Move, and you die!" he said: "you are my prisoner!"

"And who," I inquired, "are you?"

"I," he said, raising his right hand toward heaven, "I am Sancho Pedro, the Thief-taker of Lisbon! You are the Pirate, Robert Kidd, who but lately escaped from an English man-of-war. I am commissioned by the captain to seize you, dead or alive, and I have trailed you for weeks in these mountains. Will you be pleased to accompany me quietly, or shall I be obliged to provide a box for your transportation to Lisbon?"

"You may be sure," I replied, "that I will go quietly; for I have no power to resist

you, you being armed, whereas I have nothing but pious reflections where-with to combat you. But before we start, I entreat you to share with me this simple repast of cold fowl and wine, and we will converse."

After some hesitation, the stranger consented, and when the wine had somewhat warmed his heart, seeing him to be a fellow of good intelligence and of such morality as one might look for in a thief-taker, I made him a proposition at which his eyes well nigh jumped out of his head. I had conceived the idea that by forming a common partnership and putting our interests into what I may call, for want of a better name, a Trust, I could, with Sancho Pedro and the lottery dealers, make a fine trade of prophesying, and I soon found that Sancho, who was making but a mean living at thief-taking, was wholly of my mind.

So he presently put away his blunderbuss, and, after we had made a good meal, we lay down in the cave and spent the evening, until we fell asleep, in improving conversation, to which Sancho greatly contributed, he having brought with him a set of fifty-two divining-cards, of various patterns, wherewith we made many curious combinations, in judging of the value whereof we set forfeit, one to the other, I of fruits and he of coins; whereby it came to pass that at the end of the evening I had all the money he had about him, beside a lien on his boots.

On the morrow, Sancho paid a visit privily to the lottery-dealers, who dwelt in a neighboring town. They readily consented to our scheme, and Sancho returned in the garb of a hermit, and thereafter acted as my servant and pupil, interpreting for me to the people, who came in great numbers, as I had foreseen, for I made sure that the peasant could not keep his luck to himself; and who were all put off till the full of the moon.

At this period, being come together in great numbers, I sat upon a rock, with my foot upon Sancho's neck, and made a number of signs in the air, which he interpreted, and announced to the peasant that those seven who first returned to me with a lottery ticket and an acceptable offering should receive my benediction upon their tickets. Whereupon there was a great scrambling, and all contended among themselves which should be the first back. And as none came empty-handed, we had a great store of goods and money; and for my partners in the town, they sold more lottery-tickets in that one night than they had before sold in a year. The prizes were distributed as I had prophesied, and we had the sport of seeing some merry racing.

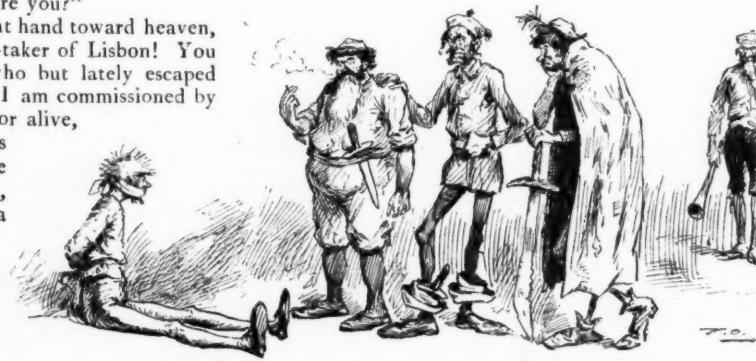
Thus matters went on, and every month added so greatly to our store that we were at some trouble to sell all we received.

I had laid up in the cave, for my share of the returns, as much as amounted to £1,000 of English money, when Fortune again turned her fickle face away, and I awoke one night from my sleep to find myself in the hands of three ruffians, who quickly bound and gagged me so that I lay helpless on the ground.

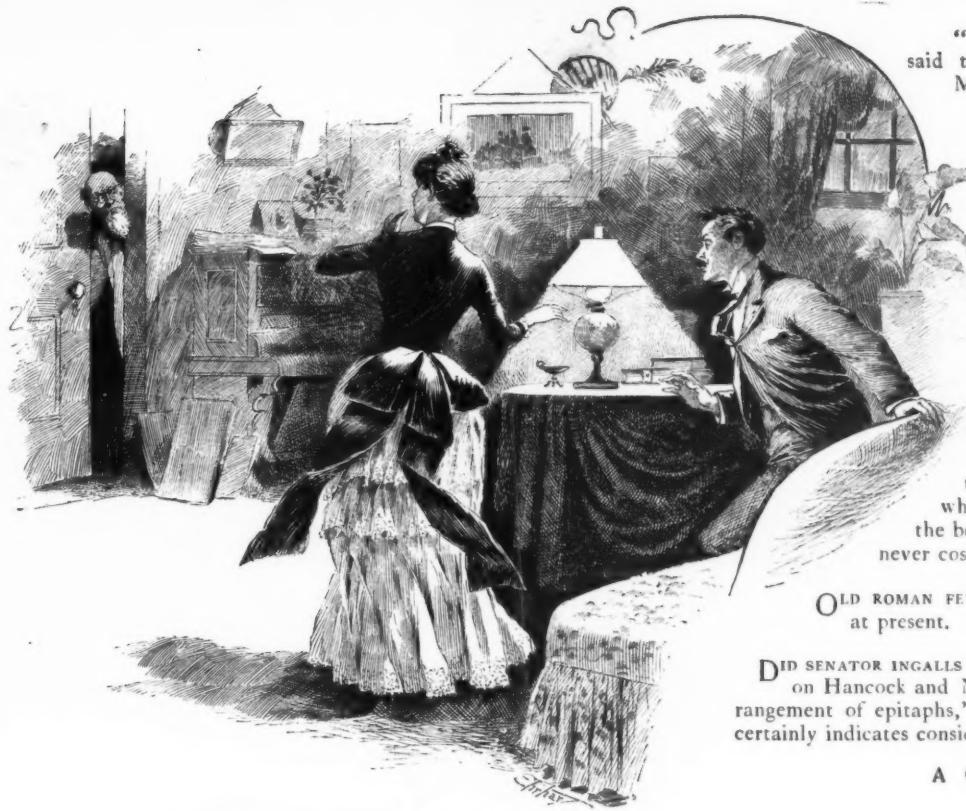
"Be of good cheer," said Sancho, who stood observing me: "I have long felt that a holy man like you should not soil his hands with sordid gains. You will now go to a new field of industry, and I will inform the people that you have been removed by supernatural power, and I will remain and continue the business in your name."

(To be continued.)

*This story was begun in No. 593.



"Be of good cheer," said Sancho, who stood observing me.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

MR. FRANKLIN MILLS (*at the door*).—Eva, if you and Mr. Paul Knight don't care for any sleep before breakfast, please remember that your mother and I do. That light is attracting all the mosquitos in Jersey!

MISS EVA MILLS (*promptly*).—All right, Papa; I'll turn it down!

“TRUST” IN THE TARIFF.

I.
WE ARE an Infant Industry,
And have a little “Trust;”
The Tariff high must be maintained,
Or we will surely “bust;”
A Million Dollars dividend
Is all that we can pay,
Because we give our workingmen
A dollar each per day.

II.
We must protect the workingman;
That is our first demand.
This Tariff is the holiest thing
Within this Glorious land;
For all our stock is watered up,
Our salaries are high,
And the people all must buy
from us,
Or else they can not buy.

III.
Last year our foolish workingmen
Struck for a higher wage.
Two hundred stout Italians
We straightway did engage;
And thus you find the law is wise,
And just as it should be,
To keep a Tariff on our goods,
But make cheap labor free.

IV.
We 'll build a Tariff wall around
This land from sea to sea,
And tax all necessities high;
But whiskey shall be free!
Tobacco, too, we 'll liberate,
It 's good for you and me;
And ail the boys shall drink and
smoke
With perfect liberty.

V.
So give three cheers for Harrison,
And for the Tariff just;
Cheer for the Grand Old Party, too,
And for our little “Trust.”
Three cheers now for the workingman,
And for his truest friends;
And also three for whiskey free
And good fat dividends.

J. W. M.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN has come over here denouncing gaudy and expensive funerals. Does Britain's enmity extend beyond the grave? Are the Free-Traders determined to reduce to a minimum the tariff to the other world?

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA is preparing to mop up the earth with the nations who decline to admit his subjects. He is looking out more for his queues than for his peace.

A GREAT MAN.

“I have the honor to introduce to you to-night,” said the Chairman of a recent political meeting in Maine, “the greatest orator of this age or all ages, the joy and pride of sixty-five million people, the lord of a continent and the master of a hemisphere, the supreme commander of an innumerable host of loyal—”

“Who 's this he 's introducing?” inquired one citizen of another: “what 's a Chinese Emperor got to do with this here meeting?”

“Chinese Emperor!” returned the other, indignantly: “why, you wall-eyed Free Trader, that 's James G. Blaine he 's talking about. Don't you know how to treat a statesman?”

IT SEEMS to be the proud boast of some of Mr. Harrison's friends, that he will not contribute any thing to the Republican campaign fund. This brings to mind the case of the stingy old church member in a frontier town, who boasted, at a love-feast, that he had enjoyed the benefits of religion for thirty-five years, and it had never cost him a solitary cent.

OLD ROMAN FEVER seems to be agitating American politics just at present.

DID SENATOR INGALLS ever go to school to Mrs. Malaprop? His attacks on Hancock and McClellan show him to be an expert in the “dearrangement of epitaphs,” and his present silence on the eve of election certainly indicates considerable “ingenuity and artifice.”

A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT.

Hdqrs. Natl. Republican Committee, N. Y.,
Sept. 13, 1888.

Dear Blaine:

Please refrain.

Day-day!

M. S. Q.—y.

WE HEAR a good deal of growling about pension vetos; but, suppose some of those frauds had managed to slip through? The howl about “carelessness” and “incompetence” would have made the Goddess on the Capitol shriek for a cork to put in her ear.

THE REPUBLICAN EXPERIMENT of running a campaign monthly magazine will be watched with interest.

“SIR,” SAID the Red-Hot Republican: “what you say about our navy is only half true. We had no ships under the Republican administration, sir; but, by Gad, sir, our repairs were magnificent!”

SPEAKING OF BINDING, guide-books should now be homeward bound.

IN ABOUT two months the Harrison man will be passing 'round the hat — the new hat won from him by a Cleveland man.

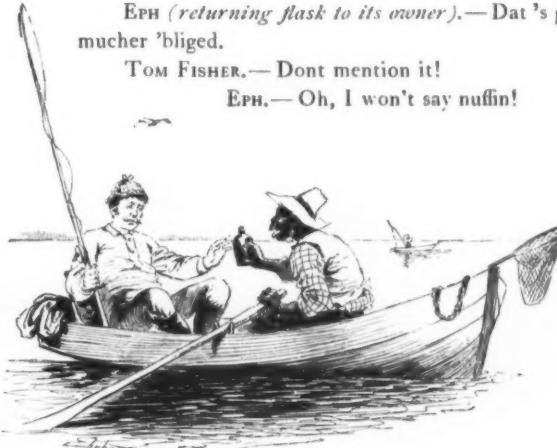
A CORRESPONDENT WANTS to know what is the most useless thing in the world. We are inclined to award the palm to the campaign-button on a boy's breast; but if anybody thinks that the trousers-buttoning attachment to a short shirt-bosom leads in the race for uselessness, we won't dispute the opinion.

THE PROHIBITION SENTIMENT.

EPH (*returning flask to its owner*).—Dat 's good, boss;
mucher 'bliged.

TOM FISHER.—Dont mention it!

EPH.—Oh, I won't say nuffin!



FOR THE FAVORED FEW.

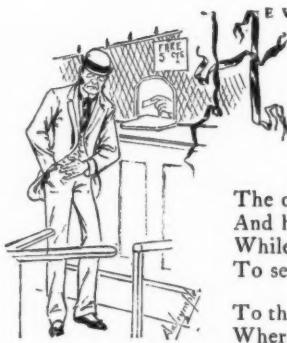
"These trusts are the natural offspring of a market artificially restricted." —Grover Cleveland, *Letter of Acceptance*.



PUCK.



HE LIVED IN BROOKLYN.



E WAS a man in business on big Broadway,
And his home was in Brooklyn, aboast the
bay;
And this was his route for to gain that
blest shore—
First the "L," then the Bridge, then the
"L" once more.

The church of his love was just three car rides,
And his club was the same, and another besides;
While his seven small children went every day
To seven different schools, seven miles away.
To the store or the market, to the play or the slide,
Wherever they went they had always to ride;
And this, kept up for a brood of nine,
Took a river of gold that would drain a mine.

His fortune at first was a million and o'er,
And his business had brought him a billion
or more;
But 't is sad, and 't is sour, and 't is mean
to recall,
How the street-car companies got it all.
He succumbed, as succumb all mortals must,
And his bones were committed to Green-
wood dust;
And a plain little headstone the epitaph
bears:
"This man was busted by street-car fares."



Algernon Bolivar de Todd.

ON A SEASIDE VERANDAH.

"GOOD MORNING, Mrs. Taylbarir."
"Good morning, dear Mrs. Oldretch."
"Is n't this air just too—"
"Is n't it? Do you think you'll take a—"
"Oh, yes! This morning I shall. The surf is not nearly so—"
"Oh, it is n't! Yesterday it really was quite—"
"It was; and there is n't any pleasure when you can't—"
"No pleasure at all. When you bathe you want to feel—"
"Of course you do. And if you're not secure, you lose—"
"Just what I said to Mrs. Dooley. She goes

in, I actually believe, because the risk is—"

"It really appears so,
does n't it? But I said to Mr.
Tennis this morning, that even
if I could swim, I should never
think of—"

"Nor I, either, for sake
of other people. One must
remember what terrible—"

"Just imagine it! But it
seems to me that a person
constituted as she is, can't
have—"

"Oh, they don't! Such
natures never do. Gossip is
hateful to me; but, do you
know, the first time I saw
that woman in her bathing
suit, I knew at once—"

"Exactly the feeling I
had. How singular that I
should think the same thing!
And yet, you actually can't
say—"

"No, you can't. No
one can. That's the strange
part of it. And still—"

"Yes; is n't it? But all
the gentlemen seem to—"

"Indeed they do! All
of them. There, she's going
down, now, with four, five
escorts. And her husband
never—"

"Oh, never! Not once

this season. He either has un-
limited confidence in her, or else
he has concluded—"

"He undoubtedly has,
and very wisely. How sad
to see a couple—"

"Very sad; but, then,
you see it so often!
Well, I suppose we ought
to—"

"Yes, it is quite time.
I must go up to my room
for my—"

"And I must go for
mine. It would never
do to—"

"Good morning—"
"Good morning."
Madeline S. Bridges.



PERFECT SAFETY.

"Going to be away six months, eh! Are n't
you afraid something will happen to the wife
and children while you're gone?"

"They're safe enough; I left them in Phila-
delphia. Nothing ever happens there, you
know!"

ABOUT THE WAY OF IT.

SHOPKEEPER.—This, ladies, is an Oriental Water-jar—a most convenient thing. Ordinary water put in it soon becomes cool and delicious.

MRS. BARGHIN.—Yes, Clarissa, I'd get one if I were you. I have one, and it's so convenient!

CLARISSA.—And does it really do all that is claimed?

MRS. BARGHIN.—Well—no. But milk put in it will boil inside of an hour.

A SUBTLE AND WONDERFUL POWER.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Say, Rocky, me boy, you told me the other day that "Flying Fury" would certainly win the handicap, and I bet one hundred dollars on him, and lost it. What made you think that he would win?

ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—I thought he would win because I had bet fifty cents on him, myself. Did you never notice that peculiarity about betting on horses?

THE MAN with a dozen lawn-
tennis suits left over from
the summer campaign, will find
them useful as fall underwear.

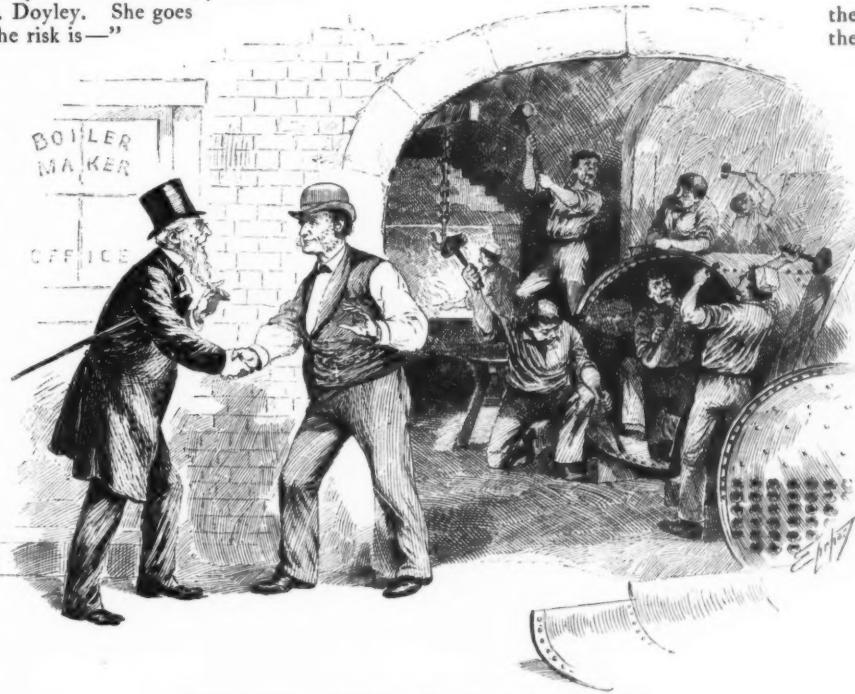
THE WEATHER never grows
too chilly for a small
boy to take a hot liner off
the bat.

WHEN A TRAGEDIAN
like O'Conor at-
tempts to do "Hamlet,"
it naturally turns out a
ham and egg—especially
egg—affair.

WHEN A MAN is sharp-
sighted, he is usu-
ally credited with having
"an eye like a hawk's;"
but it would be more
complimentary to him to
say that he possesses an
optic like that of a blind
beggar.

THE HAPPIEST MAN in the
land at the present
time is the farmer who
takes a three-dollar prize
with a pig at the county fair.

"IT'S A COLD DAY when
I get left," said the
summer straw hat, as it
cuddled up snugly in the
dust on top of the ward-
robe.



GETTING DOWN TO IT GRADUALLY.

SAIWENNE.—Good gracious, Job! What on earth
brings you around into this noisy locality?

LOTT.—Well, the fact is, John, the children have all
gone back to school from their summer vacation, and I
can't stand it to come down to the Sunday calm of
home at a jump!

MANY of the "gushing" novels recently published were written by "society" women, it is said. This will explain why the novels are cut so low in the neck, and tempt a modest person to throw a shawl over their shoulders.—Norristown Herald.

*Ed. Brown's
Ginger-*
ESTABLISHED 1822.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
U. S. A.
TO RUB WITH
IN
RHEUMATISM.
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

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Red, white and blue enamel.
Corresponding Democratic one is No. 27.



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Button Back,
extra finish.



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Very finely enameled red, white
and blue, Corresponding Re-
publican one is No. 676.



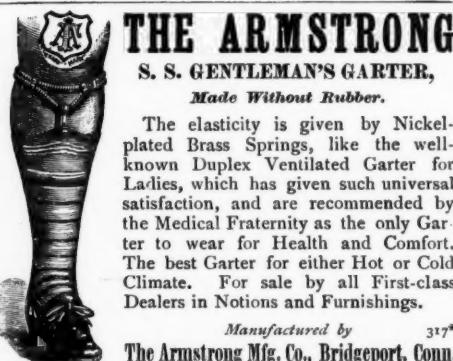
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and is therefore far more economical,
costing *less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing,
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TON TERRITORY CATECHISM
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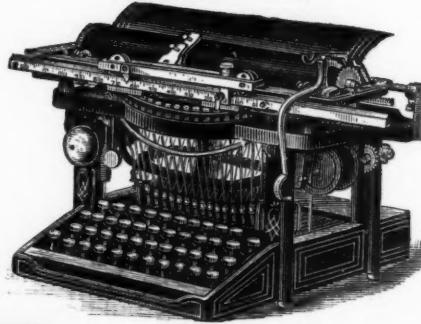


Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the fates and the sharp that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:
For the SOMMER PIANO, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88.

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THE distressing news comes from England that the Prince of Wales loses his wind too quickly to make a good tennis player. He would n't make a successful member of the United States Congress, either. — *Norristown Herald*.

"THERE will be a domestic storm," he murmured, as he heard a crash in the kitchen: "The glass is falling." — *Boston Post*.

VICE VERSA — Swinburne's poetry. — *Ex.*

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G. H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY.

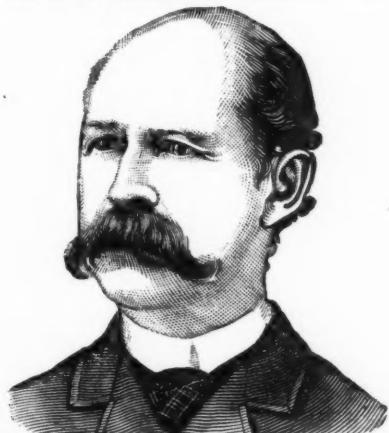
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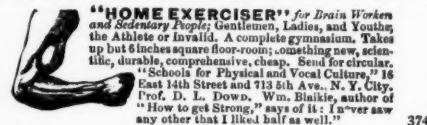
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A LEADING ARTICLE—The Blind Man's Dog.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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THE POPULAR WAVE—That of the American Flag.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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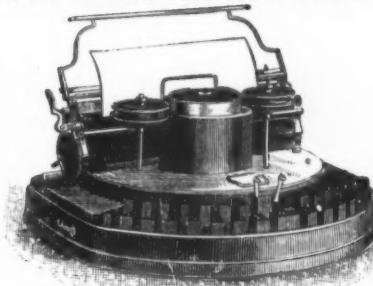
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